Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

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RIP OFF Comix

No.22

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INTRODUCTION

BY KATHE TODD

Welcome to another issue of ***Rip Off, the International Review of Comics.*** We had a lot of fun with our Big Anniversary Issue last time and are looking forward to celebrating the Twentieth Anniversary event all this year with parties, special publications, giveaways at the San Diego Comic Con and so forth. This issue's comix represent the usual cross-section of demented talents from the U.S. and Europe:

Mary Fleener, one of my personal favorites, leads off with another True Tale from her checkered past in the LA after-hours scene. Next we have a bulletin on Safe Sex from **Bruce Bolinger**, whose "Stranger in a Strange Land" cartoons will be collected into a full-length comic book this June. Opera fans and dog lovers will enjoy this installment of **Paul Ollswang's** "Dreams of a Dog." Paul lives with his dogs in a rural area of Oregon and besides being a cartoonist has advanced degrees in Mathematics and Philosophy. **Charles Kaufman**, a noted German cartoonist, checks in with some tips for tourists in "Fred and Frank are on Vacation." Then we have another adventure in the life of **Pierre Ouin's** "Bloodi," the punk junkie who made his first U.S. appearance in our 1985 publication *Viper.* **Wayne Honath**, beloved of fanzine readers across the nation, gives us more of Howie "The Hat" Patterson. His "Baby Godzilla Story" and "What's the Use of Getting Sober?" are also featured. Then we have "My Life in Art," by **Douglas Michael**. A play based on Douglas' "The Geldings," which appeared in *Rip Off No. 18*, was produced in the northern California town of Ukiah last fall. Next **Scott Nickel** brings us an update on the Elvis situation, in case you haven't been reading the *Enquirer* lately. Ever since **Foolbert Sturgeon's** *Dorman's Doggie* comic went out of print we've been getting requests for it, so here are a few pages to whet your appetite. If this touches off a flood of clamorous demands from poodle lovers, you'll be seeing more of Pingy Poo in the future. **Chris Harmon,** a bright young newcomer to the scene, shows us the slides of "Danger Vacation." He'll be featured next issue too. In another blast from the past, here's **Gilbert Shelton and Tony Bell's** Wonder Wart-Hog in a confrontation with the dread Masked Meanie from the mid-Sixties. And wrapping it all up, **Hunt Emerson's** "That Firkin Cat" puts human sexual foibles in the feline perspective. **Guy Colwell's** back cover painting was inspired by the children on the 1987 Florida Peace Pilgrimage, which he joined following the 1986 Great Peace March.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE: *Rip Off Comix* goes SciFi (our last SciFi issue was during the comic-size series back around 1978) with not-so-serious explorations of the genre by Trina Robbins, Larry Todd, Lindsay Arnold, J.A. Short, Paul Ollswang and several others. This theme is so popular we may have to do an annual SciFi issue in the future, just to accomodate all the great comix that have been coming in!

Hey, Readers—How about some feedback? We'd like to start a letters column but haven't had much input from the readers so far. So, let's start those cards and letters coming!

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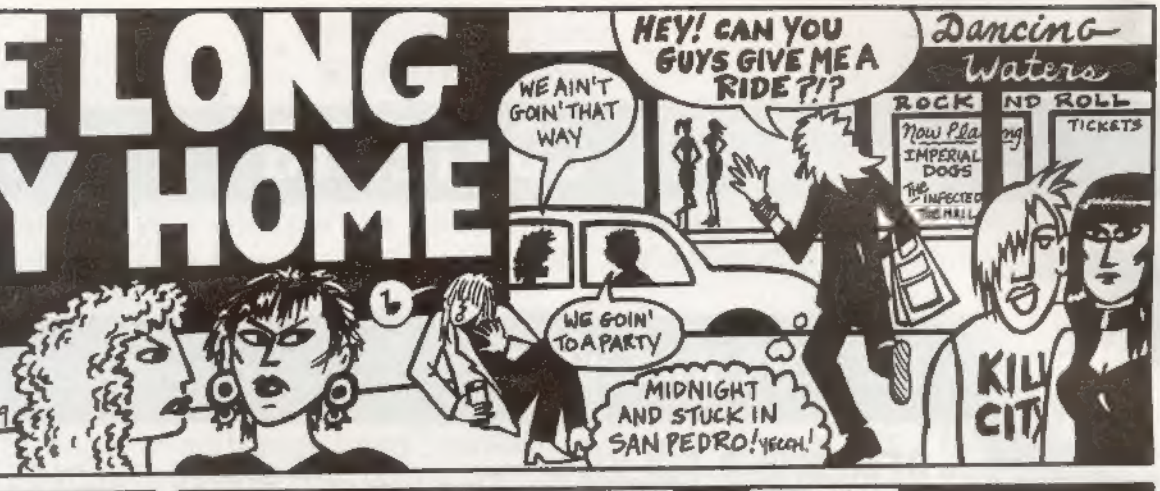
THE LONG WAY HOME

A TRUE STORY by MARY FLEENER©1989



EXIT
DON'T LIKE MY NEW SQUEEZE, EH? WHATSA MATTER? YA JEALOUS 'CUZ YOU AIN'T GOT ONE?
HARBOR FWY
SAN PEDRO LOS ANGELES
NEXT 32MI
OH. I FORGOT, A WOMAN NEEDS A MAN TO BE HAPPY. I'M BUSY WITH ART, Y'KNOW
YEAH! ART WHO? GET IT? HA! HA! HA!
HEY! LET'S GIVE THIS GUY A RIDE!
GASP!
YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS! IT'S 12:30 AND NO ONE PICKS UP HITCH-HIKERS ON FREEWAYS, ESPECIALLY BLACK GUYS!
IT'S LATE! NO ONE'S GONNA STOP FOR HIM.
YES! THOSE ARE INTELLIGENT PEOPLE UNLIKE YOU! DON'T PULL OVER!!
SCREEEECH!!
WHERE TO, BRO?
MMMMM...
CAN'T TALK, HUH? THAS' COOL, HOP ON IN, DUDE.
HE'S MUTE? WOW!
JUST SLIDE THAT DOOR OPEN. IT AIN'T LOCKED. THERE YA GO...
THIS NOTE SEZ: "I CANNOT SPEAK"
WHERE'S HE GOIN'?
HE KEEPS POINTING NORTH. omigod! THIS NOTE ASKS IF WE'RE MARRIED. WELL,... DEAR?
WHAT TH' FUC..?
SAY yes!
MUCH LATER...
WHERE TH' HELL ARE WE? WE'VE DRIVEN MILES! IT'S ALMOST ONE-THIRTY. SHIT!
HE KEEPS POINTING.
GAWD! LOOKIT THE NEIGHBORHOOD WE'RE IN! BARS ON THE WINDOWS, ORANGE STREET LIGHTS! sheesh!

I'VE GOT TO BE AT WORK BY 8:00 AM!
Y'KNOW, THIS IS A FUNKY PART O' TOWN.
YOU NOTICED.
THERE'S TWO GUYS WAVING AT US OVER THERE!
???
DON'T STOP!
YO!
BUT IT'S A RED LIGHT
COINS GUNS
PAWN
SO WHAT!! THERE'S NO POLICE FOR MILES AND WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!!
WHERE'S TH' PAR-TAY?
DAMN! THE MOTOR DIED. GODDAMN VAN... THIS ALWAYS HAPPENS
SHIT!
YO! THIS DOOR'S OPEN! JUMP ON IN. HM!
THOSE GUYS ARE CLIMBING IN THE BACK! WHAT'LL WE DO!?!
HUH?
I CAN'T STAND IT!! TWO GUYS JUST JUMPED IN YOUR VAN, WE'VE BEEN DRIVING 1½ HOURS AND WHO KNOWS WHERE THE HELL WE ARE AND YOU GO "HUH?"!
ULP!
UH-HUH! WE JES' GOIN' DOWN TH' STREET. Saaay, MAMA, YOU GOT ANY JOINTS
ANY COKE?
I WISH
HEEYYY, BRUTHAH
WHATCHOO DOIN' WITH THESE HONKIES?
YOU CHUMP!
HAHAH
HAHAH
MAYBE WE GOT A LI'L PET NIGGER HERE... HA!... HMM!
HE WAS HITCH HIKING. HE CAN'T SPEAK. HE'S MUTE.
HMM!
HMM!
HE yo' HUSBAND?
YEP!
HEY...
JUST PLAY ALONG...
THIS IS GETTIN' WEIRD!
WILL YOU PLEASE TRY AND CONTROL YOUR EGO? WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM!?
YOU SEEM TO BE GETTIN' INTO IT A LITTLE TOO MUCH!
YOU'RE NUTS! DO YOU REALIZE THAT?!!

bitch! bitch! bitch!
SOUND MARRIED TO ME. HMM!
MAANNN... I'M GETTIN' BORED. SHEEEIT...!
YEAH, YOU SOME PIECE O' WORK, BRUTH-THA.
AND WATCHOO SMILIN' AT FO' YOU LYIN' ASS NIGGAH! CAN'T SPEAK? HMMM! THINK WE'D FALL FO' THAT OL' LINE?!
...YOU... PEESA SHIT!
OK... KEEP CALM... THEY'RE GONNA KILL HIM AND THEN US. NO, THEY'LL RAPE ME BUT I CAN HANDLE IT... I'M ON THE PILL AND I'M NOT RACIST. OR AM I? MAYBE I CAN FAKE A SEIZURE OR WE'LL SEE A COP. FORGET IT. WE'RE DEAD. I KNOW IT.
GONNA ROLL YEW
CUT 'CHOO
SLOW DOWN TH' TAXI, SLICK! OUCH! AH JUS' HIT MAH BUTT ON THIS DIRTY OL' FLOOR!
LET'S SPLIT! NUTHIN' BUT 2 CRAZY HONKIES AND SUM LYIN' ASS COON...
THUMPA THUMPA THUMP
THERE'S A BUNCHA WOOD IN THE STREET!
'BYE!
SLAM!
WHEW!
HMM!
HM!
...CARLOAD O' STOOPID MUTHAHFUCKAS. SHEEEIT!... WHAT NEXT? HMM!
I CAN'T BELIEVE WE GOT OUT OF THAT ALIVE.
FER SHUR! THOSE TWO WERE BAAAAD DUDES!
THEY MUST'VE THOUGHT WE WERE CRAZY TO BE OUT'N'ABOUT THIS TIME OF NIGHT...
WE ARE CRAZY!
?
THE ONLY WAY TO BE!
LOOK! OUR PASSENGER WANTS TO GET OFF. WE GOT THERE, I GUESS.
HIS NOTE SAYS "I THANK YOU - YOU ARE SPECIAL PEOPLE"
WHOA! TWENTY BUCKS? WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST TAKE A BUS?
GASP!
THEIR WALLETS!

THE END

— FOURTH IN A SERIES —

THE SURGEON GENERAL TALKS TO THE BIBLE BELT...

REMEMBER, FOLKS...

SAFE SEX MEANS SLIDIN' THAT MATTRESS DOWN SO YER NOT BANGIN' YER BRAINS OUT ON THE HEADBOARD...

NEXT MONTH: RECYCLING THOSE OLD USED CONDOMS FOR KITCHEN FOOD STORAGE.

DREAM of a DOG
WITH GRACIE AND RUBE, GEORGE & FIDELIO
PAUL ANDREW ALLWAING FEBRUARY 1989
THE BEAUTIFUL GRACIE SWEETEST NORWEGIAN ELKHOUND IN ALL OREGON, DESCRIBES HER LATEST DREAM
IT WAS FANTASTIC!!! I DREAMT THAT WE WERE IN AN ALL-DOG OPERA TROUPE, TRAVELLING ALL THROUGHOUT EUROPE...
ARF ARF ARF ARF ARF ARF!!
...AND THE MUSIC!!! ...THE AUDIENCE SOBBED, WHEN FIDELIO SANG "DIDO'S LAMENT" FROM PURCELL'S "DIDO & AENEAS"...
DIDO QUEEN OF CARTHAGE
...RUBE WAS BOTH MEN-ACING & TRAGIC IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF VERDI'S RIGOLETTO...
RIGOLETTO
...I FELL IN LOVE AGAIN...WHEN GEORGE SANG THE LEAD IN MOZART'S "DON GIOVANNI"...
PLINKY PLINKETY PLINKTY
...AND THEN AND THEN THE WORLD THREW ITSELF AT MY FEET WHEN I DID "MIMI" IN "LA BOHÈME"
SQUONK
"ALL WAS GOING BEAUTIFULLY 'TIL ONE NIGHT WE WERE DOING STRAUSS' "DER ROSENKAVALIER" (STRAUSS ALWAYS WRITES SO HIGH!!) IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TRIO-FINALE MY VOICE BROKE!!!
GASP!
MY BEING WAS SHATTERED!!! I RAN!! BEFORE ANYONE COULD STOP ME I RAN I KNOW NOT WHERE...

AT THIS POINT, — MY DREAM WENT TO A FLASH-BACK, SET IN SCENIC —ALSACE-LORRAINE,— AND THE MYSTIC, SWEET-FLOWING— RHINE-RIVER...
OLALA LA
IS THERE, BENEATH THE RHINES ENCHANTED FOAM, FRISK HE LOVELY,-THO' LONELY.— RHINE MAIDENS,-WHOSE LIVES ARE DEVOTED TO BUT ONE TASK—
—TIL JUSTICE & REASON RULE IN THE DRY WORLD ABOVE— THESE MAIDENS MUST GUARD THE MAGIC -RING-OF-THE- NEIBELUNG- THE RING IS A TEMPTATION TO MANK—
—FOR IT HAS INCOMPREHENSIBLE POWERS!!! ONCE,-O SO BRIEFLY THEY TURNED THEIR BACKS-AND—
THE RING WAS STOLEN!!
WOOF
HEH HEH HEH
ARF!
WOOF
.....MEANWHILE,— BACK IN THE FIRST SECTION OF MY DREAM— —ANOTHER CHASE GOES ON—
A FRANTIC CHASE ENSUES... FROM THE RHINE, THENCE BY UNDERGROUND SPRINGS—..... —TO THE SEWERS OF PARIS!!!

I RAN THROUGH NUMBERLESS BACK-STREETS of PARIS—

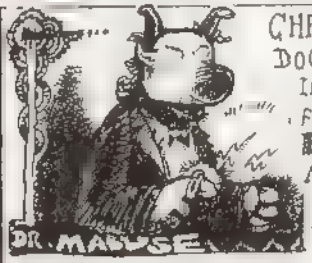
WHERE, MY STRONG, YET SENSUOUS HINDLEGS, TOOK ME. I CANNOT TO THIS DAY TELL, FOR I WANDERED AS IF IN A DREAM... JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO FALTER— —I HEARD A SOOTHING, HYPNOTIC VOICE...

YOOHOO, PEACHES, PEACHES MELBA. I SAID (USING MY STAGE NAME) "LOOK HERE NEATH THE MANHOLE COVER" —HIS VOICE!! OH! —THEN—THE RING of the NEIBELUNG CAUGHT MY EYE...

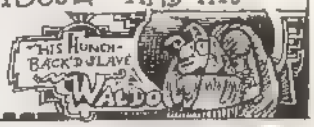
I MEAN'T— DRAWN TOWARDS SOMETHING, YOU LITTLE SNOID.

SORRY

THE VOICE!! THE RING!! ..I COULD NOT BUT FOLLOW" DOWN THRU THE SEWERS WE WENT GONE WAS MY WILL, MY SELF-RESPECT— I STUMBLED!! I FELL!! BLACKED OUT!!! —SLOWLY I REGAIND CONCIOUSNESS— —I HEARD HIS VOICE! BUT—I WAS CHAINED!



CHAINED! WITH A DOG-COLLAR! I, AN INDEPENDENT, FREEDOM-LOVING ELKHOUND! MOST NOBLE of DOGS! CHAIND —I WAS THE PRISONER of THE SINISTER DR. MABUSE!! —HE IT WAS WHO, STOLE THE MAGIC RING!!! —HE, WHOSE FACE MUST EVER BE MASKED!! —PRISONER of DR. MABUSE —AND HIS HUNCHBACK'D SLAVE— WALDO

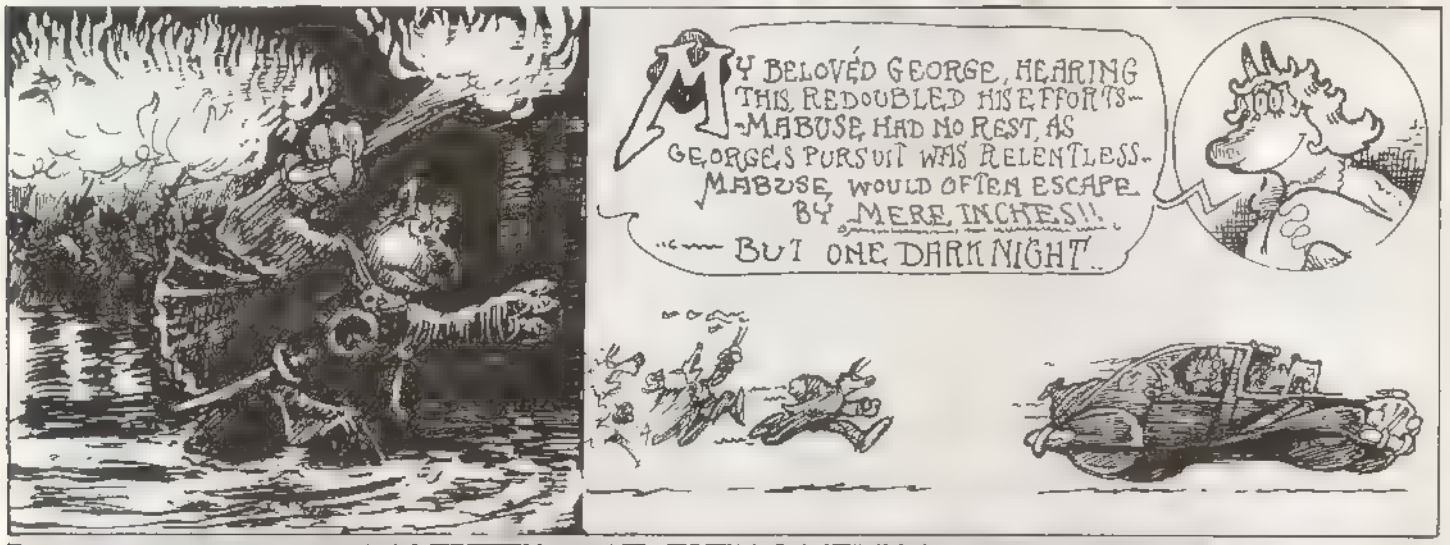


FORTUNATELY, GEORGE PICKED UP MY SCENT—

—AND NOT JUST GEORGE, BUT THE ENTIRE TROUPE—SCOURED THE PARISIAN DEMI-MONDE.

IT WASN'T ALL BAD, THO'—NONE OF MY TERRIFYING OBSCENE FANTASIES CAME TRUE—MABUSE WORSHIPPED ME & HELD MY JUICY BOD INVIOLATE—THERE,— IN HIS SECRET, MUSKY, CAVERN HE TRANSFORM'D MY VOICE WITH HIS OWN HIDDEN TEACHINGS!!

SUCH POWER AND DEPTH OF FEELING WERE ADDED TO MY VOICE" ~~ A VOICE ONCE TOO PRETTY TO BE BEAUTIFUL!! ~~ HOWEVER- IT WAS NOT ME, -RATHER IT WAS MABUSE WHO WAS PLAYING HIS MUSIC THRU ME!
MABUSE'S FIRST PUBLIC RECITAL WITH ME STUNNED ALL OF EUROPE!! — SOON WE WERE PERFORMING FOR THE CROWNED HEADS OF THE FIN DE SIECLE CONTINENT!!!!
ALAS! THIS WAS NOT THE TRIUMPH MABUSE CRAVED... "NO!! HIS AIM WAS NOT TO IMPRESS NOBILITY, NOR YET TO ENTERTAIN THE CULTURED!!" "NO!!" HIS TWISTED SOUL SOUGHT TO DEMEAN MY GIFTS -- BY HAVING ME PERFORM BEFORE DRUNKEN, LEERING ELK'S CLUBS!!!


MY BELOVED GEORGE, HEARING THIS, REDOUBLED HIS EFFORTS -- MABUSE HAD NO REST, AS GEORGE'S PURSUIT WAS RELENTLESS. MABUSE WOULD OFTEN ESCAPE BY MERE INCHES!!
... BUT ONE DARK NIGHT...

... ONE DARK NIGHT —
GEORGE
of
the Opera Troupe
found the
RHINE MAIDENS
The two groups joined forces...

WELL, ONE PARTICULARLY HIDEOUS NIGHT — MABUSE CHARTERED A YACHT FOR AN ELKS LODGE...
WINK
...GRACEFULLY THE GOLDEN, DECADENT PLEASURE CRAFT GLIDED O'ER THE RHINES' SILKEN SURFACE
DOWNSTAIRS — I DRESSED...
PEACHES & MELBA
TONITE
...NEVER SUSPECTING THAT — TONITE WOULD BE DIFFERENT — THE CHANDELIERS FLICKERED LIKE CANDLES THRU' LITTLE CRYSTAL PRISMS; CHAMPAGNE FLOWED LIKE WINE... JUST AS IT EVER WAS — YET, AS THE MUSIC STARTED — THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH AN OMINOUS...
RUMBLE
...MABUSE WAS STARTLED
HIS ATTENTION WAVERED...
SUDDENLY HIS HOLD ON ON ME VANISHED
PIF!
MABUSE RAN OUTSIDE, PEERED OVER THE RAIL — AND AS HE DID SO — THE HAND WHICH WORE THE RING OF THE NEIDELUNG WAS GRASPED BY A RHINE-MAIDEN!!!
...IN DOING THIS, SHE DIVERTED THE RING'S MAGIC LONG ENOUGH FOR WALDO (-NOW ALSO OUT FROM UNDER MABUSE'S SPELL-) TO SPRING UPON HIS FORMER TYRANT!
GEORGE AND I FOUND ONE ANOTHER — AND JUMPED TO SAFETY
WE SWAM ASHORE TOGETHER AFTER SO LONG — JOYOUS IN OUR LOVE...

BACK ON THE SHIP — MABUSE & WALDO FOUGHT LIKE MAD DOGS 'TIL ALL THREE RHINE MAIDENS REACHED THE SHIP, RECOVERED THE RING AND ANNOUNCED THAT THEY HAD CHANGED THE COURSE OF THE RHINE — SO THAT IT NOW RAN THROUGH RHODESIA — AND HOOKED UP WITH THE TREACHEROUS ZAMBEZI!

ONWARD SPED THE DECADENT-BUT NOW CAPTAINLESS-SHIP!!!!

ELKS SCURRIED MINDLESSLY — WHILE DOCTOR & HUNCHBACK GRAPPLED ON THE PROW!! — WHEN GEORGE & I REACHED THE SHORE, WE TURNED & LOOKED BACK AT THE YACHT, — WE WATCHED AS TWO MIGHTY 'THO' WARPED SOULS STRUGGLED IN MORTAL COMBAT!!

SUDDENLY — WALDO RIPPED THE MASK FROM MABUSE'S FACE!!!!

GASP!

BUT THEN WE SAW WHAT CAUSED THE DREADED RUMBLE THAT SO SCARED MABUSE — AS THE YACHT HEADED DOWN — THE — ZAMBEZI — AND — OVER THE VICTORIA FALLS!

WOW!

FAR OUT!

WE RETURNED TO PARIS — LIVING IN A GARRETT — BUT JUST AS WE WERE MAKING A COMEBACK — I CAUGHT CONSUMPTION & DIED BEAUTIFULLY, AS MY LOVE HELD MY PAW.

O, GRACIE, YOU ARE AS BEAUTIFUL AS A SUNRISE

O, GEORGE, SAY (COUGH) RATHER AS BEAUTIFUL AS A SUNSET

— COUGH — COUGH — COUGH

I HAVE A FEELING THAT SOON I WILL AWAKE FROM AN UNEASY DREAM & FIND MYSELF TRANSFORMED, IN MY BED, INTO A GIGANTIC COCKROACH.

THE BOSS LET YOU GET UP ON THE SOFA?!?

SCIPIO - OLL SWING - FEBRUARY 1989

FRED and FRANK

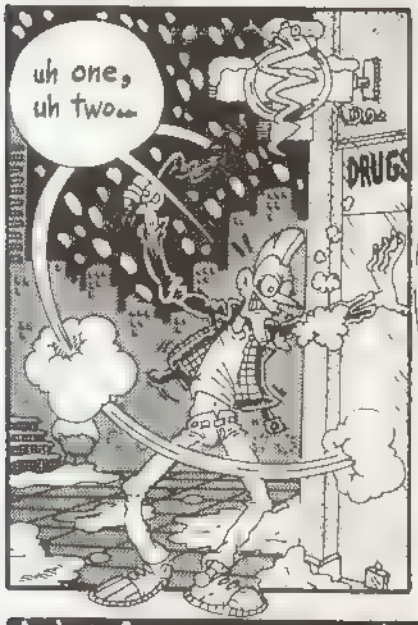
"FRED & FRANK are on VACATION."

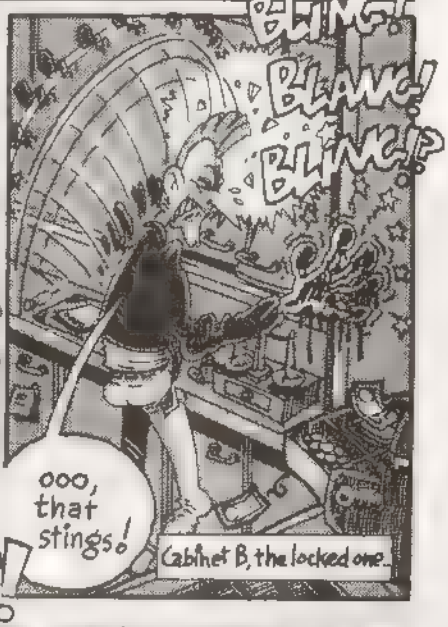
CHARLES KAUFMAN ©1987

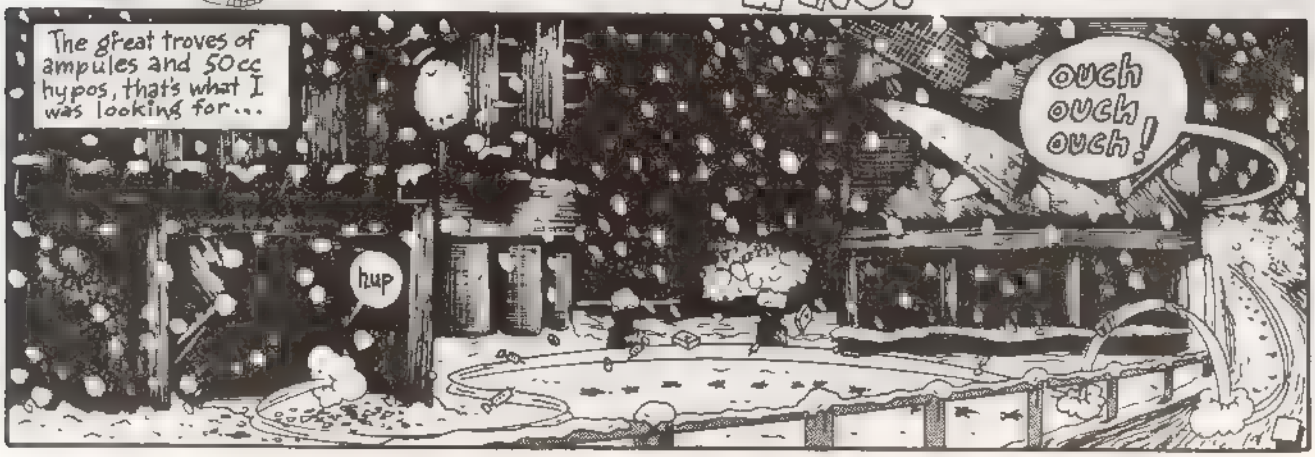
When it's freezing in Paris, I have to provide my own personal heating... In the state I was in, I seriously doubted that the sons of bitches were going to let me stay...

WARM in WINTER

Or, "How Bloodi made his own white Christmas" ~ another Pierre OUIN snow job...







If I had checked behind me, I would have seen I was leaving a trail...

...all the way to my digs, where I was proceeding to administer first aid.

BOM BAD! BOM! BRIANG BRIANG

mYasss?

At first, I thought it was a hold-up...

Don't move!

In a way, it was, but they had the cops with them.

It wasn't me!

Chief! Here's th' stash!

uh... I hurt my hand...

BAD!

Shuddup!

POLICE

You're outa luck, cumpadre! You may as well confess to the burglary of the Belleville Pharmacy and the rape at the Rungis one...

CLANKITY TIKATAK CLICK TAC

uh...

You've been seen with Abdul the Turk and Swedish Joe on the corner where we nailed Dirty George with 200 cc's... You're screwed, so you might as well confess... does the name Kristina von Kamion mean anything to you?

say..

(snurk!) You use **drugs**, you go to **prison**!

hey...

MY HAND

FOR THE LOVE OF CHRIST

BAP!

Sign here, then we'll take care of the **hand**!

don't give us a hard time...

It wasn't exactly the immaculate walls of the **hospital**... but there's not much you can **do**... After the **station**, it's **jail**...

They let my hand swell up for another 12 hours and then all of a sudden ..

Move your butt!

There wasn't anybody but 15-year-old ethnic J.d.'s there for purse snatching. I had the feeling I was back in grade school...

Jo-dido!

Jo mama!

They made me give them a set of fingerprints...

with you, we don't even need the ink pad!

..and at the photo session...

FLASH

Then after 12 more hours in the hole, a bus comes to take us to Fleury Prison...

and then one last hit in the bus...

ow! You don't have to push!

snnnrf

hey!

yo!

say..

pssst...

snnnrfff ....

I had a gram stashed up my ass! Better snort it up before we get there!

SNRFF

I don't like sniffing too much. Don't want to ruin my nose. But anyhow, I got thoroughly stoned...

...for my arrival at my new home... Here's how it looked from my cell. I dreamed of escaping all the time...

ho!

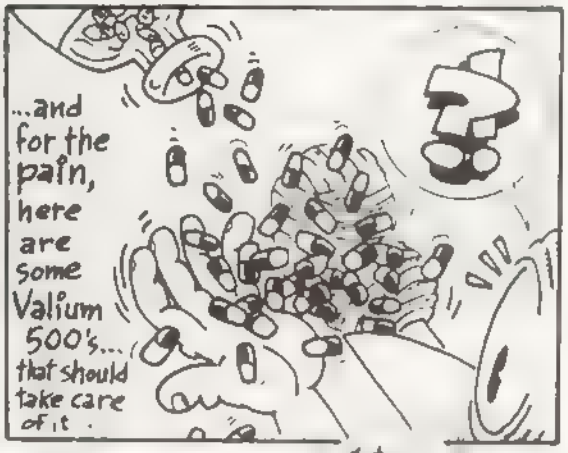
Hey you, you want ten more days?

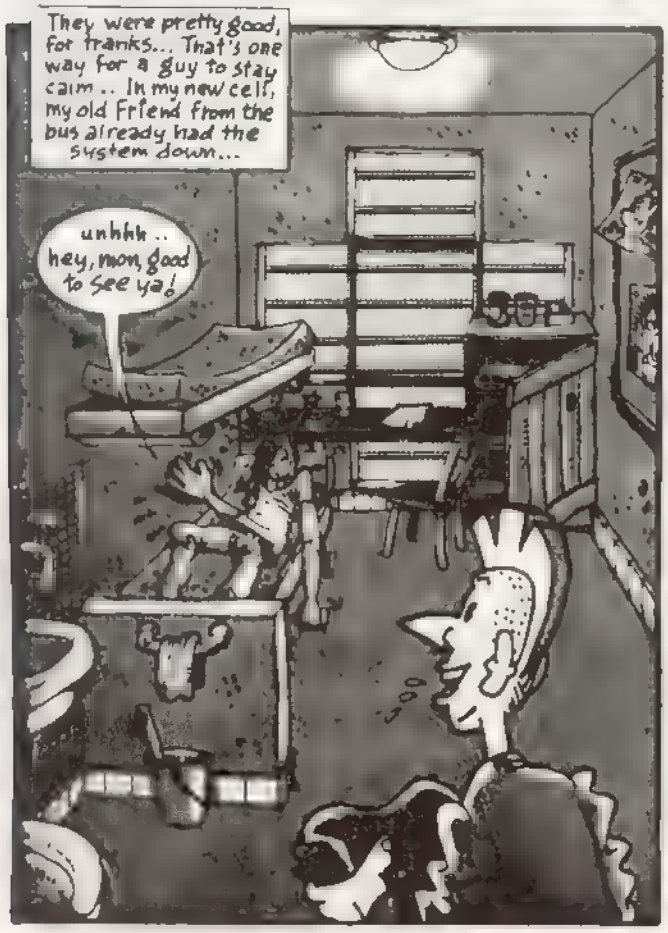
Once again, a congenial waiting room... ...another photo...

grrr

... and searches... deeper and deeper...

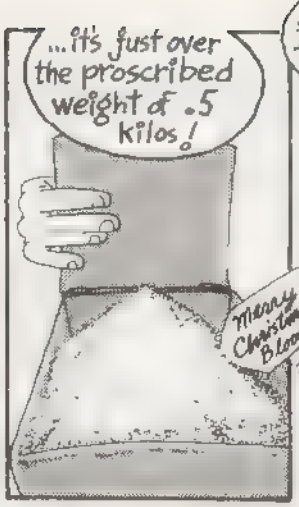
cough and push!





I decided just to relax and let the time roll by. The holiday season was approaching, with its many surprises...

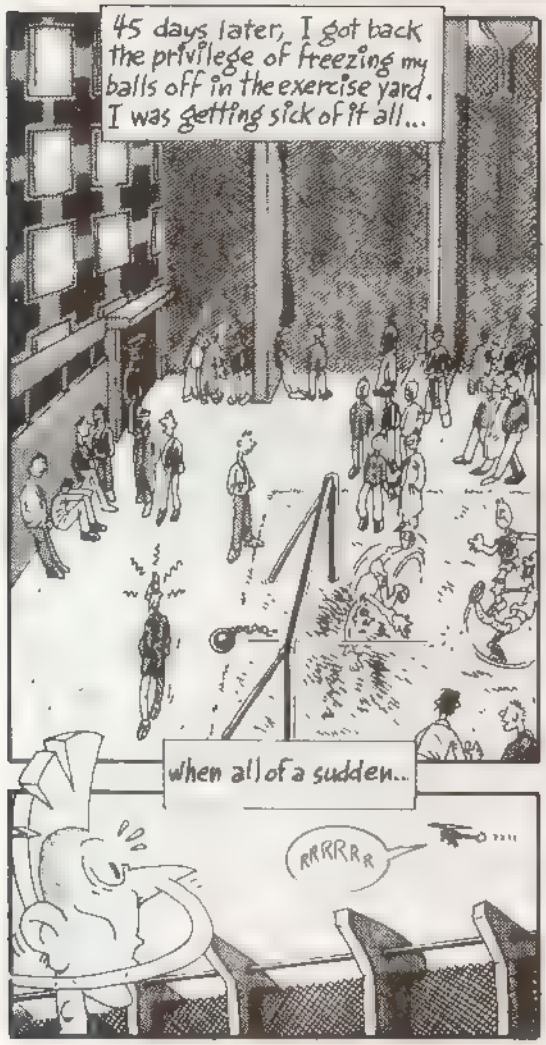
something was up!
336-422, you received this package!

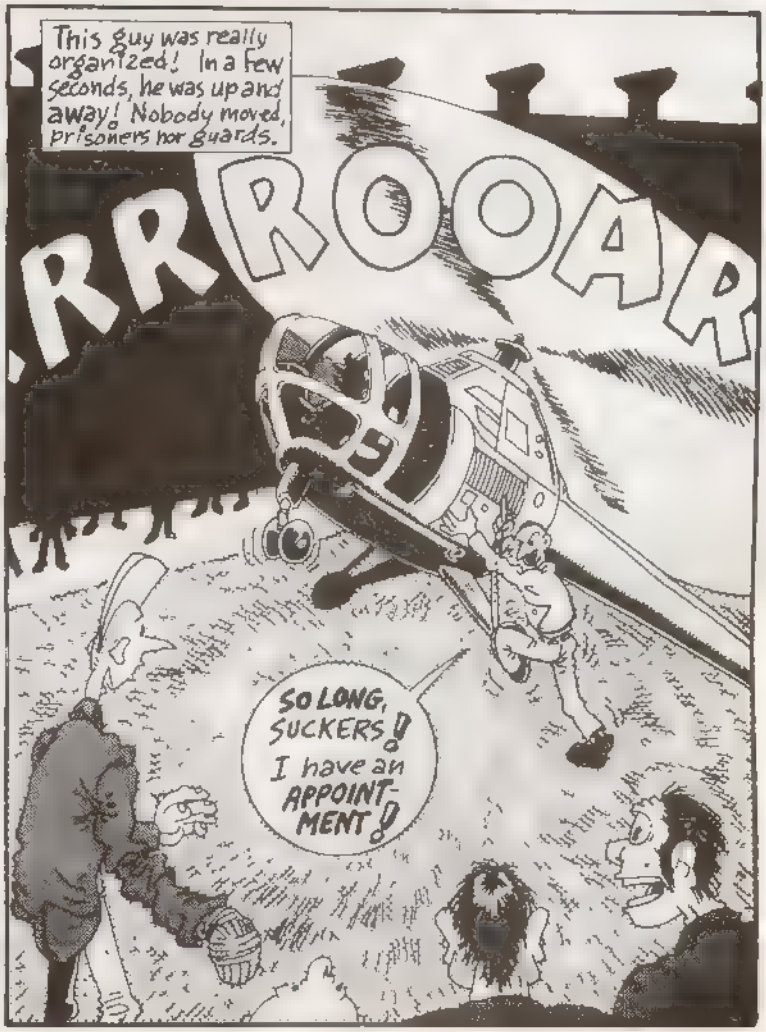

...it's just over the proscribed weight of .5 kilos!
Merry Christmas, Blondie.

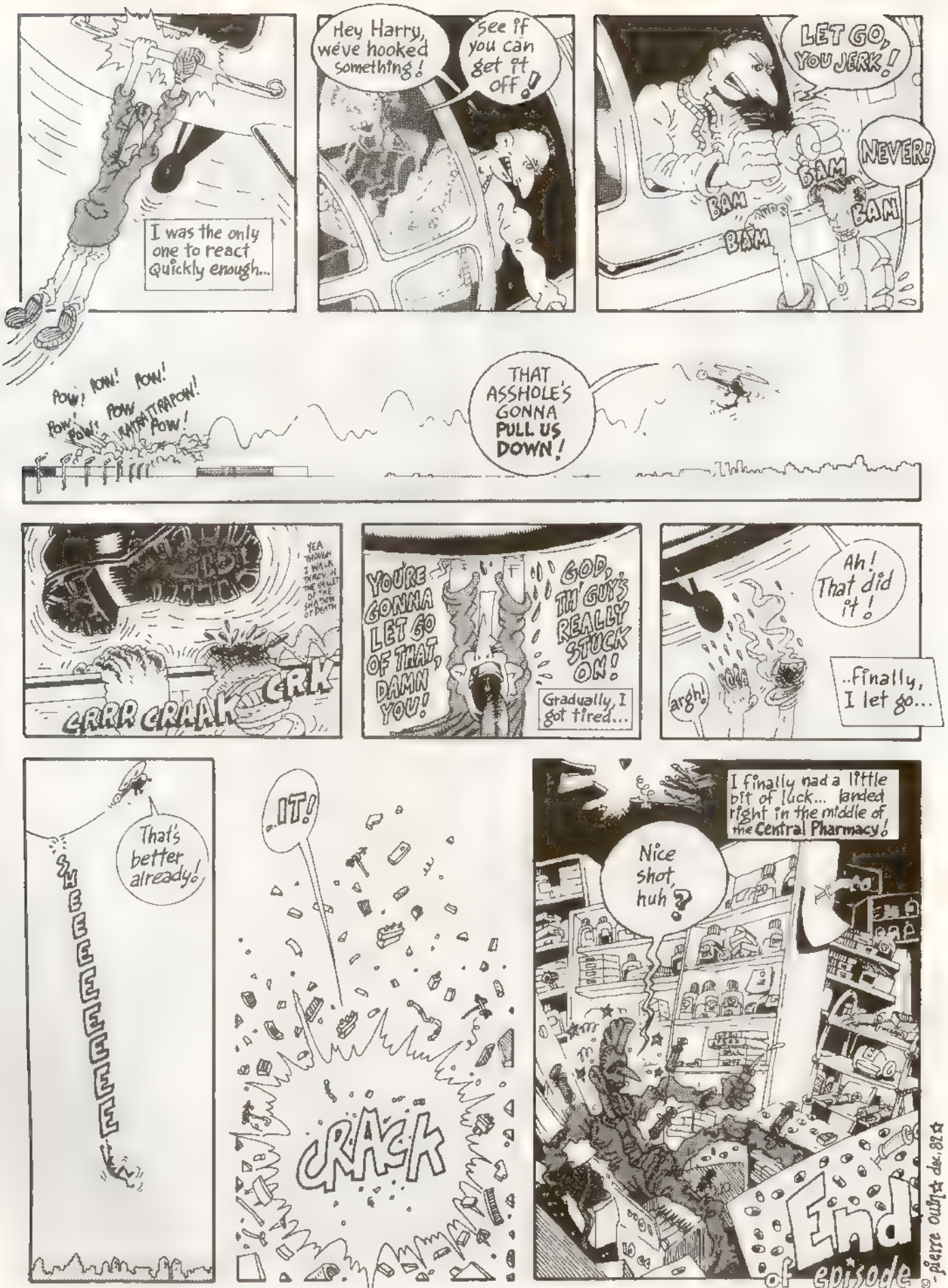
...but it's just flour, warden!
someone's idea of a joke!

...and 45 days, does that strike you funny?!

I don't know who the son of a something whose bright idea that was was, but thanks to him I spent a swell Noël in the cooler to the sweet music of the prisoners upstairs banging their plates on the bars.
GRRR
BRING A LING
BRLANG
BRLAN
BRABRABABONG


45 days later, I got back the privilege of freezing my balls off in the exercise yard. I was getting sick of it all...
when all of a sudden...
RRRRRR

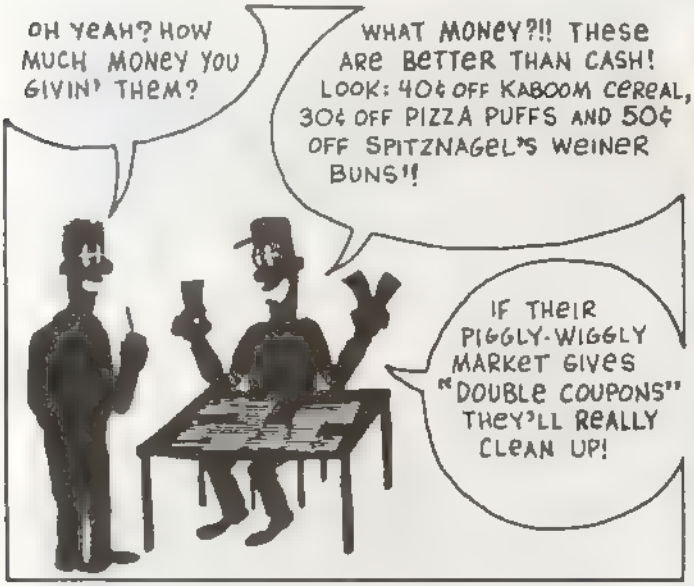

This guy was really organized! In a few seconds, he was up and away! Nobody moved, prisoners nor guards.
RROOAR
SO LONG, SUCKERS! I have an APPOINTMENT!

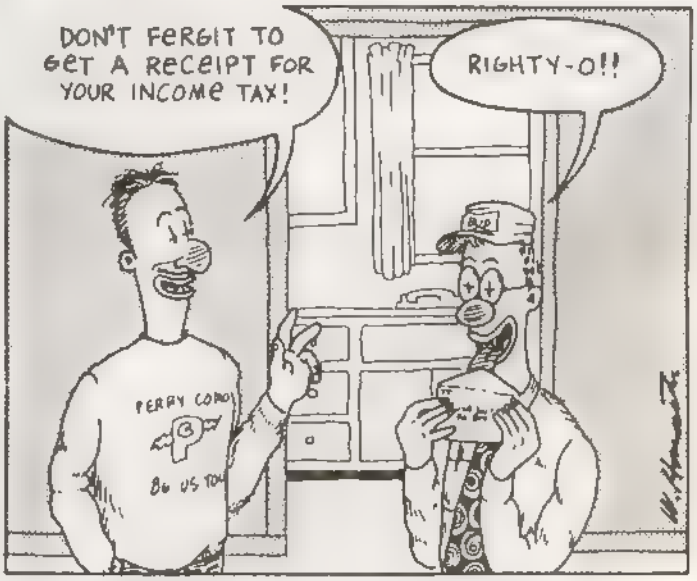

I was the only one to react quickly enough...
Hey Harry, we've hooked something!
See if you can get it off!
LET GO, YOU JERK!
NEVER!
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
POW! POW! POW!
POW! POW! POW
RATATTATPOW!
POW!
THAT ASSHOLE'S GONNA PULL US DOWN!
YEA THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH
CRRR CRAAK
CRK
YOU'RE GONNA LET GO OF THAT, DAMN YOU!
GOD, TH' GUY'S REALLY STUCK ON!
Gradually, I got tired...
Ah! That did it!
argh!
..finally, I let go...
That's better already!
SHEEEEEEEEEE
IT!
CRACK
I finally had a little bit of luck... landed right in the middle of the Central Pharmacy!
Nice shot, huh?
End of episode.

Hats across America

STARRING:
HOWIE "THE HAT" PATTERSON
-and-
HIS BROTHER, PETE

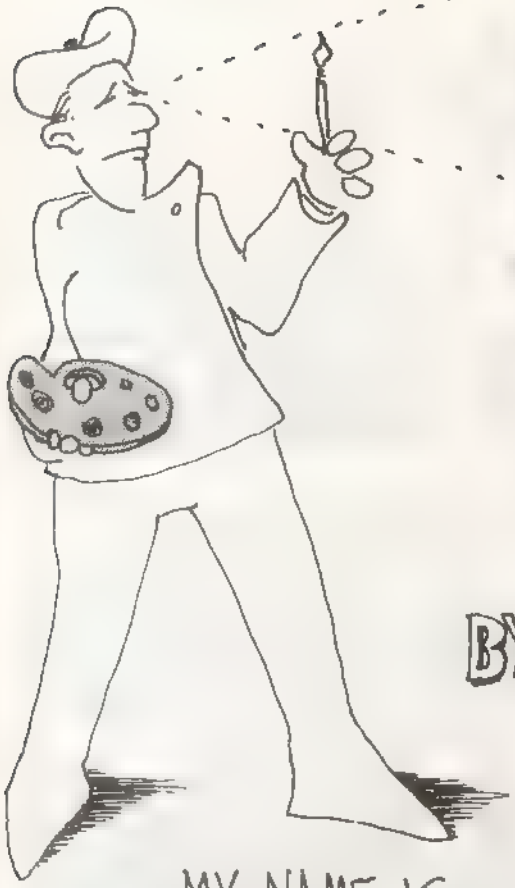
© 1987 W. HONATH



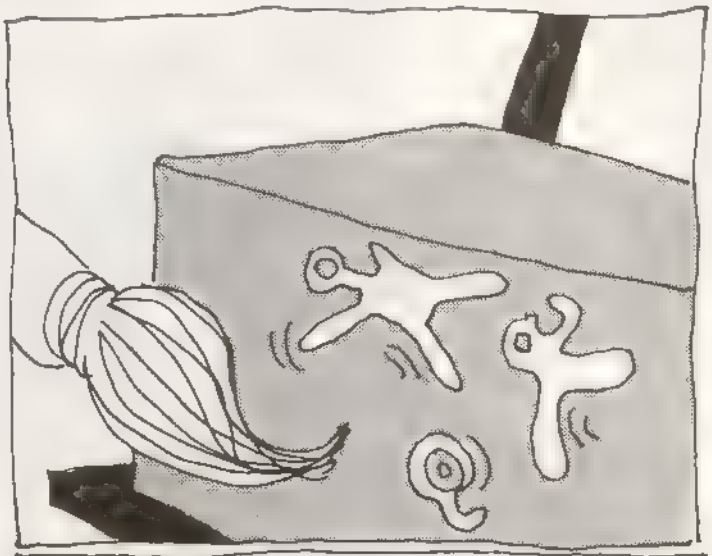


MY LIFE IN ART

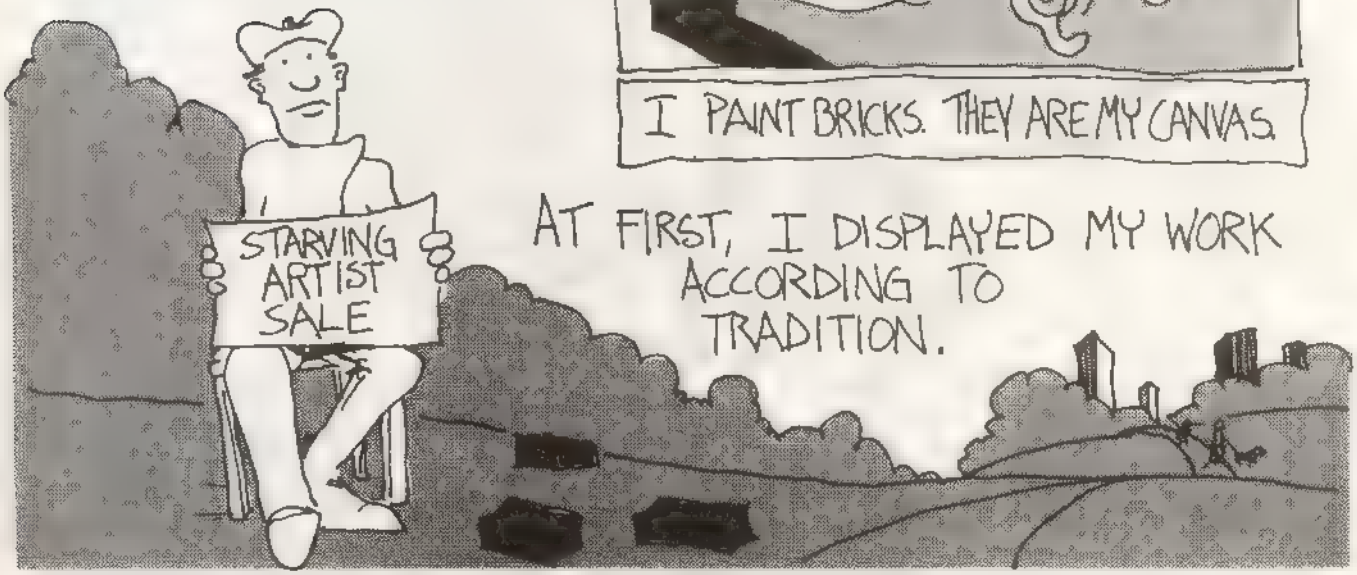
BY DOUGLAS MICHAEL © 88



MY NAME IS DALE. I AM AN ARTIST.



I PAINT BRICKS. THEY ARE MY CANVAS.



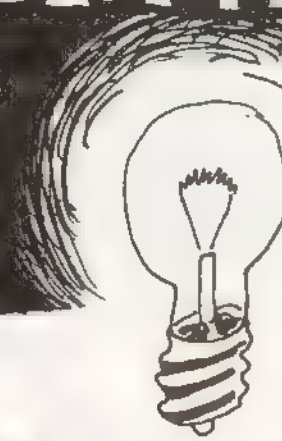
AT FIRST, I DISPLAYED MY WORK ACCORDING TO TRADITION.

UNHAPPILY, NO ONE SEEMED TO CARE.

THEN, ONE DAY AN IMPORTANT ART CRITIC HAPPENED BY.

I HATED THAT GUY. DAMMIT, MY WORK WAS GOOD!

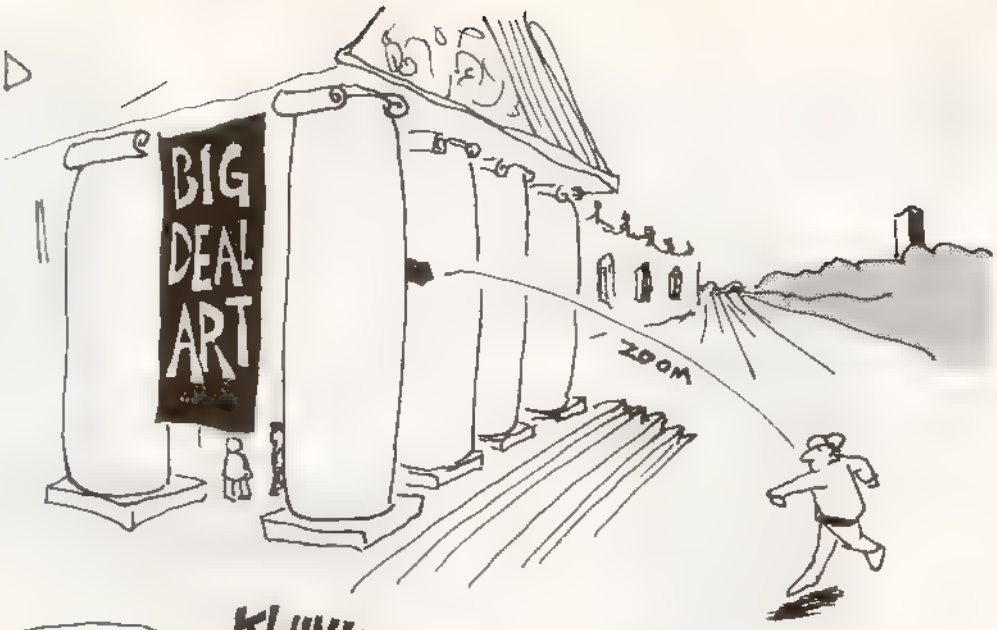
IT WAS TRUTH & BEAUTY
IT WAS CELESTIAL
BUT, HOW COULD I
CONVINCE OTHERS?

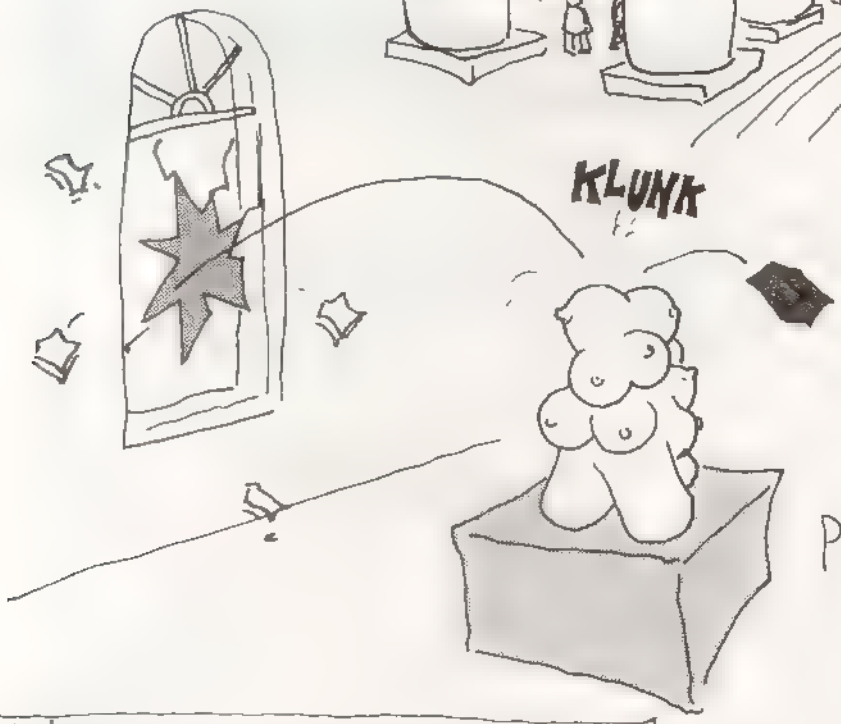


THEN SUDDENLY AN IDEA STRUCK ME

OR MAYBE... I SHOULD PUT THAT ANOTHER WAY...
=ZING=
THUNK
MY ART HAD RAW POWER! I COULD FEEL IT!
OTHERS FELT IT TOO!
GLUNG!

I SOUGHT AND GAINED IMPORTANT OPENINGS FOR MY WORK...

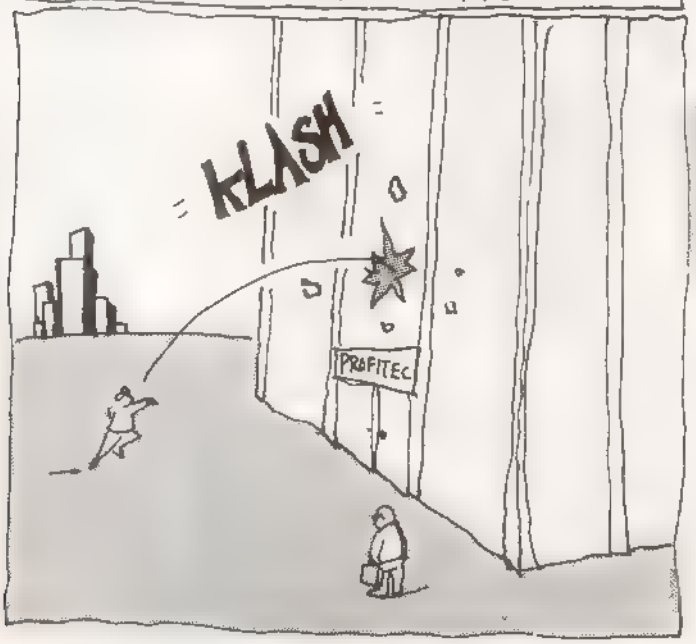




...IN MAJOR GALLERIES...

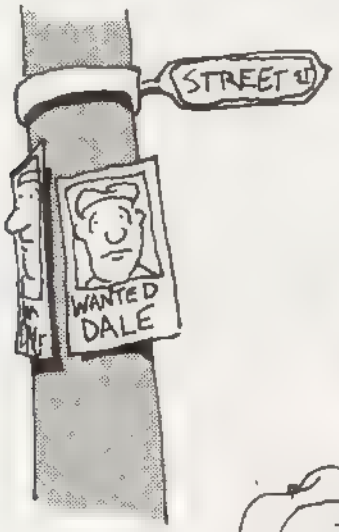
ALONGSIDE POPULAR EXHIBITS...

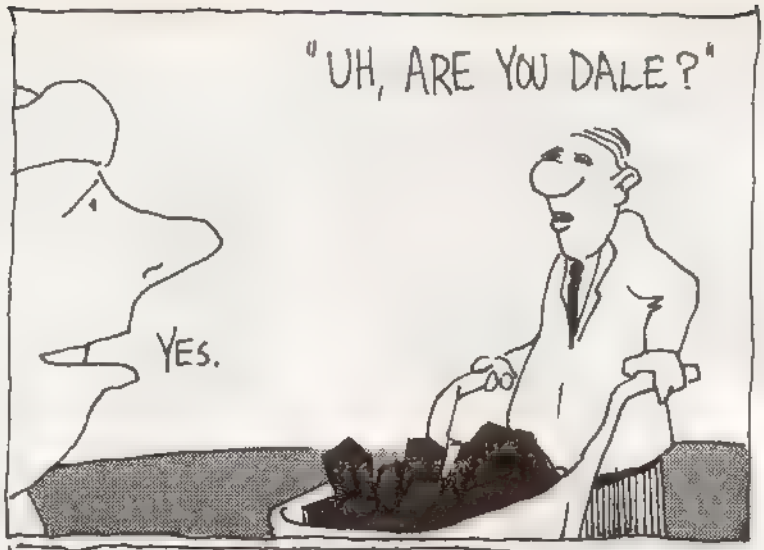
WITH BIG CORPORATIONS...



...EVEN PARKED CARS, HELL, I DIDN'T CARE.

NATURALLY, RECOGNITION SOON FOLLOWED.





NOT LONG AFTER, I HAD A PATRON.

"DALE, YOU'RE A GENIUS!"

HE PROFESSED TO LOVE MY WORK.

IN FACT, HE COMMISSIONED EVERYTHING I DID FOR HIS WIFE.

"HEY YOU! CUT THAT OUT!"

AS WITH SO MANY OTHERS, SHE EXPRESSED HOSTILITY TOWARD MY ART.

BUT THEN SOMETHING STRANGE AND WONDERFUL HAPPENED

WE FELL IN LOVE

AS A RESULT, MY ANGER, MY BURNING PASSION TO CREATE WAS NO LONGER THERE.

YEARS PASSED... BUT FOR MANY THE MEMORY OF MY WORK ENDURED.
"HEY! THERE'S THAT CREEP THAT BUSTED OUT OUR WINDOWS! BOY, I'D LIKE TO FIX HIM GOOD!"
THIS, IN TURN, LED ME DOWN A WHOLE NEW PATH IN THE WORLD OF ART.
CLISH
I BECAME A COLLECTOR.
END

ELVIS IS ALIVE!

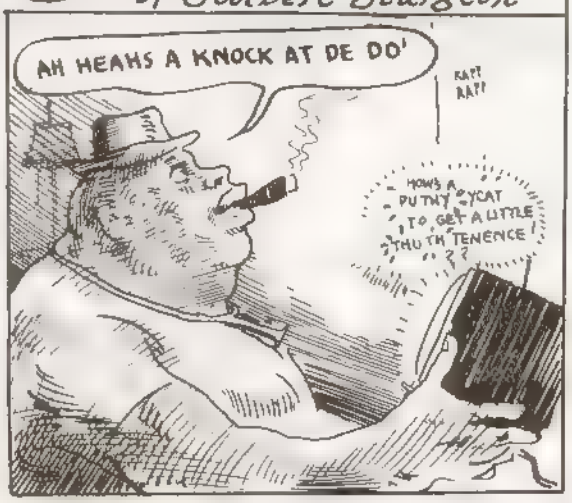
AND SO ARE OTHER DEAD CELEBS!

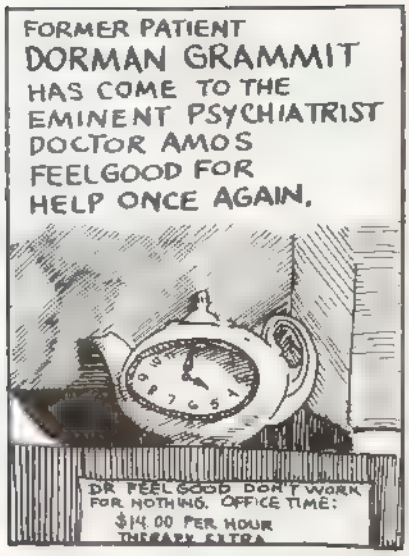
©1988 Scott Nickel

THE CASEBOOK OF DOCTOR FEELGOOD

FEATURING THE RIOTOUS AND SOMETIMES HAIR RAISING ADVENTURES OF HIS MADCAP PATIENTS!

By Foolbert Sturgeon




FORMER PATIENT DORMAN GRAMMIT HAS COME TO THE EMINENT PSYCHIATRIST DOCTOR AMOS FEELGOOD FOR HELP ONCE AGAIN.
DR FEELGOOD DON'T WORK FOR NOTHING. OFFICE TIME: $14.00 PER HOUR THERAPY EXTRA

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH ME THAT'S NOT HIS FAULT!
HOW YOU FIGGER DAT?

HE EMBARRASSES ME!
HE'S SUCH A SISSY CREEP! HE'S GOT NO DIGNITY. HE STINKS!
A MAN'S DOG IS A PART OF HIS IMAGE!

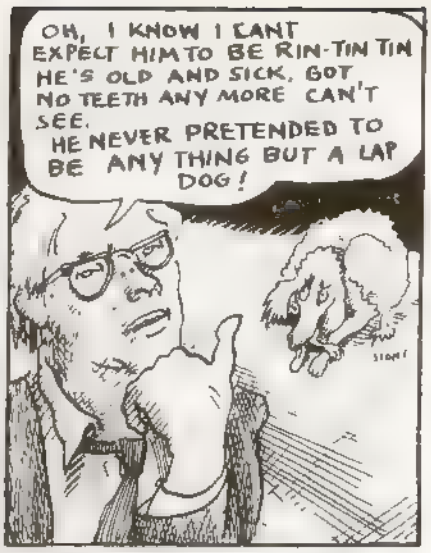
I DON'T MIND IT SO MUCH THAT HE'S DUMB, ALTHOUGH HE NEVER EVEN LEARNED TO LIFT HIS LEG!
THE BACK LEG! YOU STOOPID BASTARD!

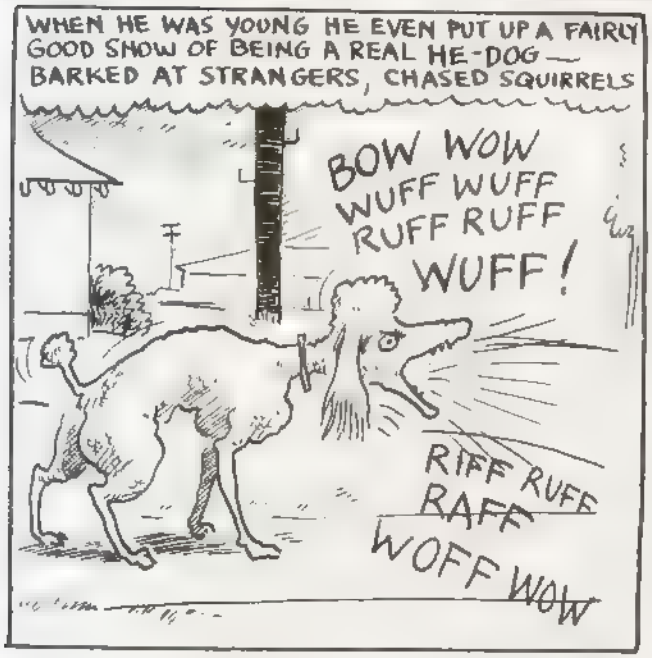
HE MAKES A FOOL OUT OF ME
HEE
HA HEE HEEHAW
HAR HAR AH
YAK YAK HAW HAW
YA-HEE HYUK YUK
YOU CALL THAT A DOG!

HE'S JUST A DOG, MAN. ALL HE WANTS IS A LITTLE PAT ON THE HEAD.
HE CAIN'T HE'P HOW HE LOOKS!
THAT'S NOT THE WORST PART!
PAT PAT PAT!
FRAP!

DORMAN, I'SE GOTTA ADMIT DAT YO' DOG PING DON'T LOOK TOO GOOD!
YOU'RE A JERK PING!
NOR SMELL SO GOOD, NEITHER!
SNUX!
PANT
HEAVE

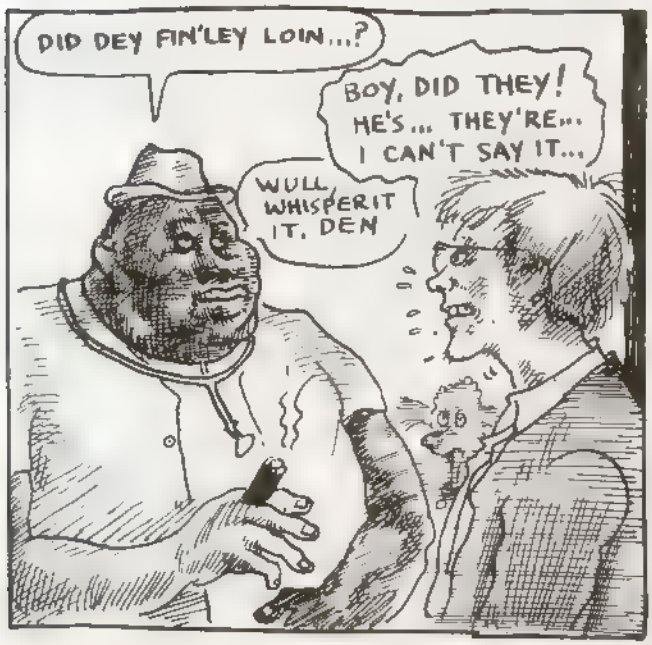
BUT WHAT CHOO EXPEC' FROM A DOG LAK HIM?
GIDDOWN
PUFF!


OH, I KNOW I CANT EXPECT HIM TO BE RIN-TIN TIN HE'S OLD AND SICK, GOT NO TEETH ANY MORE CAN'T SEE.
HE NEVER PRETENDED TO BE ANY THING BUT A LAP DOG!


WHEN HE WAS YOUNG HE EVEN PUT UP A FAIRLY GOOD SHOW OF BEING A REAL HE-DOG — BARKED AT STRANGERS, CHASED SQUIRRELS
BOW WOW
WUFF WUFF
RUFF RUFF
WUFF!
RIFF RUFF
RAFF
WOFF WOW

AND HE WAS SO SAD WHEN I LEFT HIM BY HIMSELF...

... THAT I GOT HIM HIS VERY OWN CAT!
YEOW
THEY DIDN'T GET ALONG VERY WELL... AT FIRST.


DID DEY FIN'LEY LOIN...?
BOY, DID THEY! HE'S... THEY'RE... I CAN'T SAY IT...
WULL WHISPER IT, DEN

BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ!
HE QUEER FOR CATS?
HAW! HAW!
DONT SAY IT!

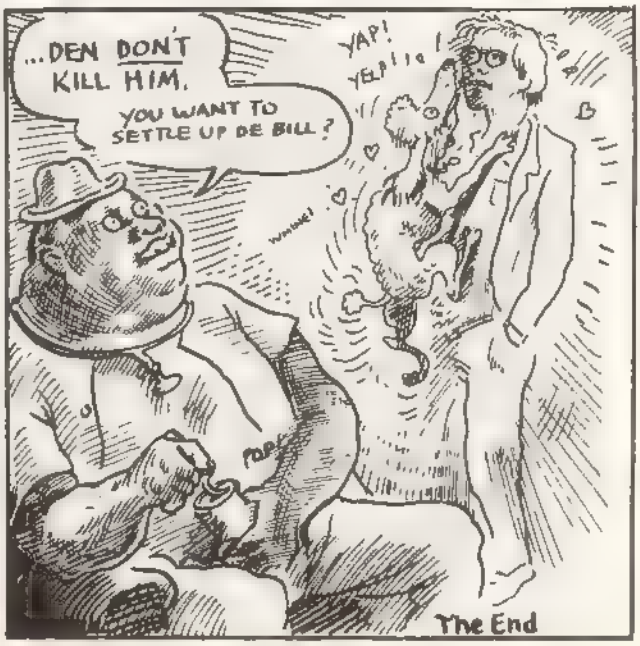
SO, YOUR DOG, PING, HUNCHES CATS, DO HE?
YEH! I HATE YOU PINGY-POO!

I DIDN'T KNOW DOGS DID DAT!
THEY WON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH HIM ANYMORE, WITH HIS OLD BALD BUTT AND HIS BAD BREATH... BUT HE USED TO DO IT!
YOU CREEPY LITTLE RAT!

I HATE YOUR ROTTEN LITTLE FRUITY ASS!
NOW DAT I GOT DE SYMPTOMS OB DE CASE DIAGNOSED I GONE WRITE YOU OUT A PERSCRIPTION, MR, GRAMMIT,

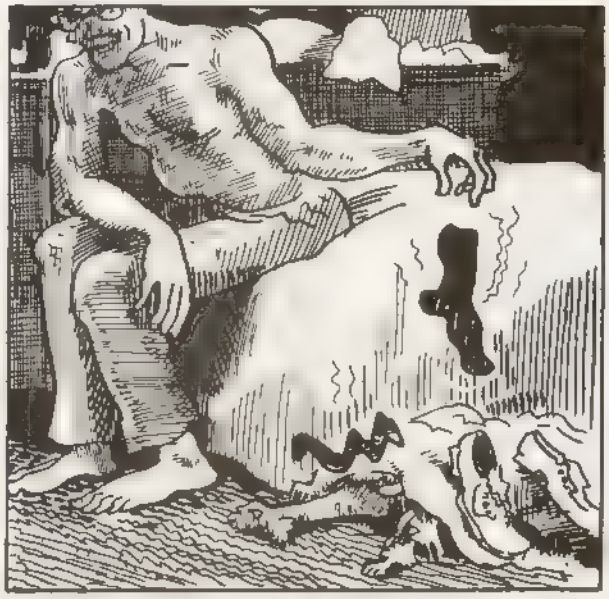
I PERSCRIBE DAT YOU KILL DE DOG!*
KILL HIM!?!
CUT HIS HEAD OFF WIT' THIS!
*Note: Dr. Feelgood is not expressing his true sentiments, but is exercising the wisdom of Solomon thereby forcing Norman to recognize his actual feeling for his disgusting but loyal pet.

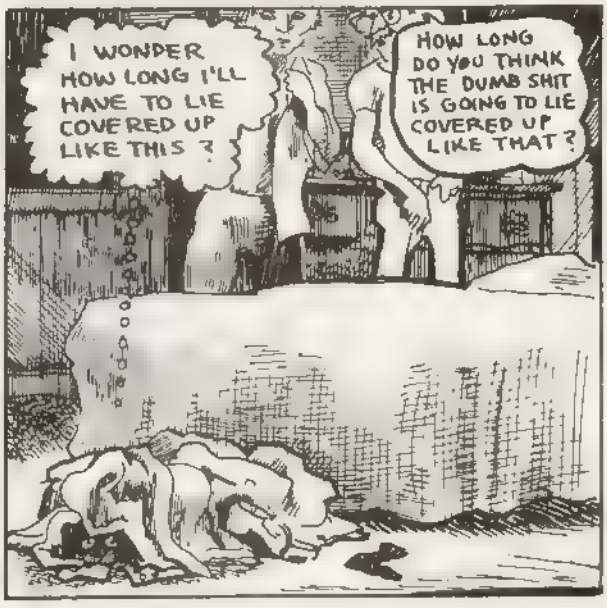
BUT... HE'S ALWAYS BEEN SUCH A SWEET DOGGIE...
THAT'S CRUEL!
OKAY!
COPYRIGHT © 1976 BY FOOLBEAT STURGEON


...DEN DON'T KILL HIM.
YOU WANT TO SETTLE UP DE BILL?
YAP!
YEL!!!
WHINE!
POP!
The End

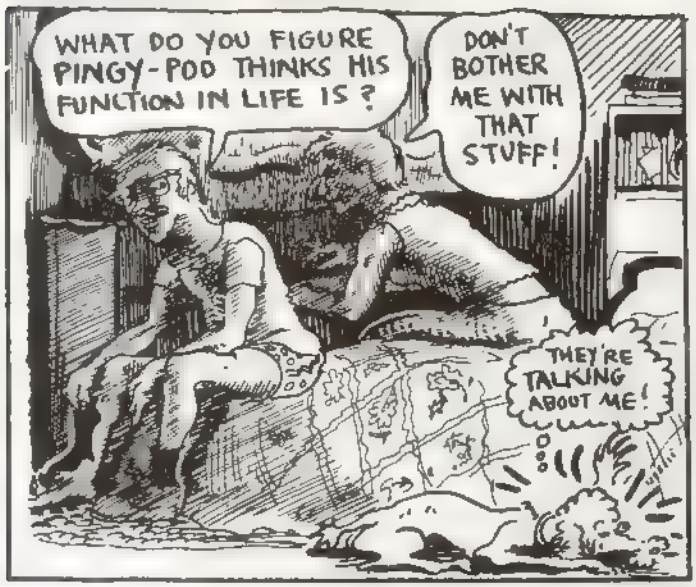
DORMAN'S DOGGIE

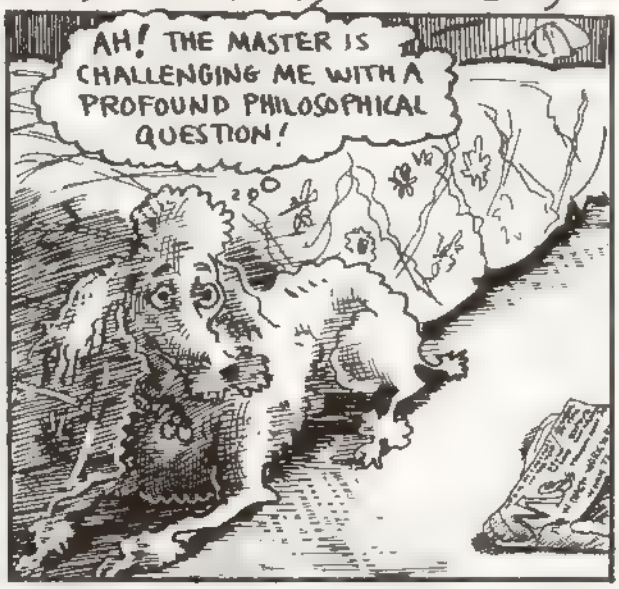
"The Penance" by Foolbert Sturgeon

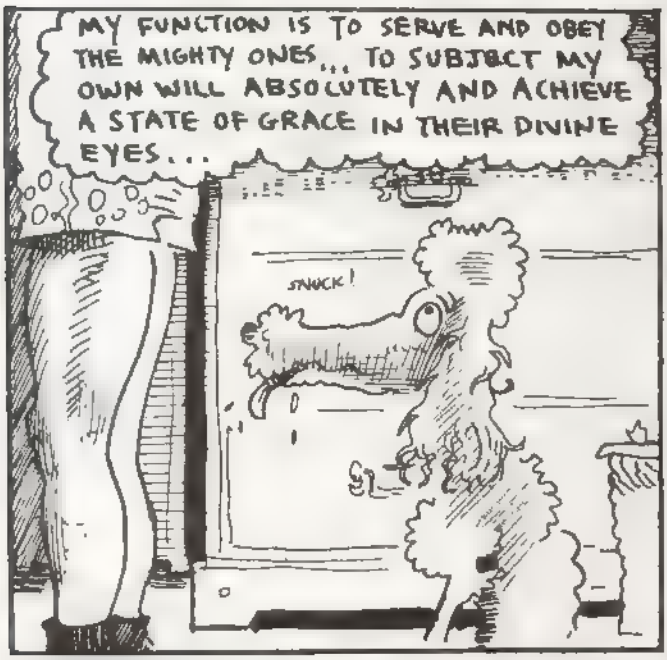




DORMAN'S DOGGIE "Heavy Stuff" by Foolbert Sturgeon

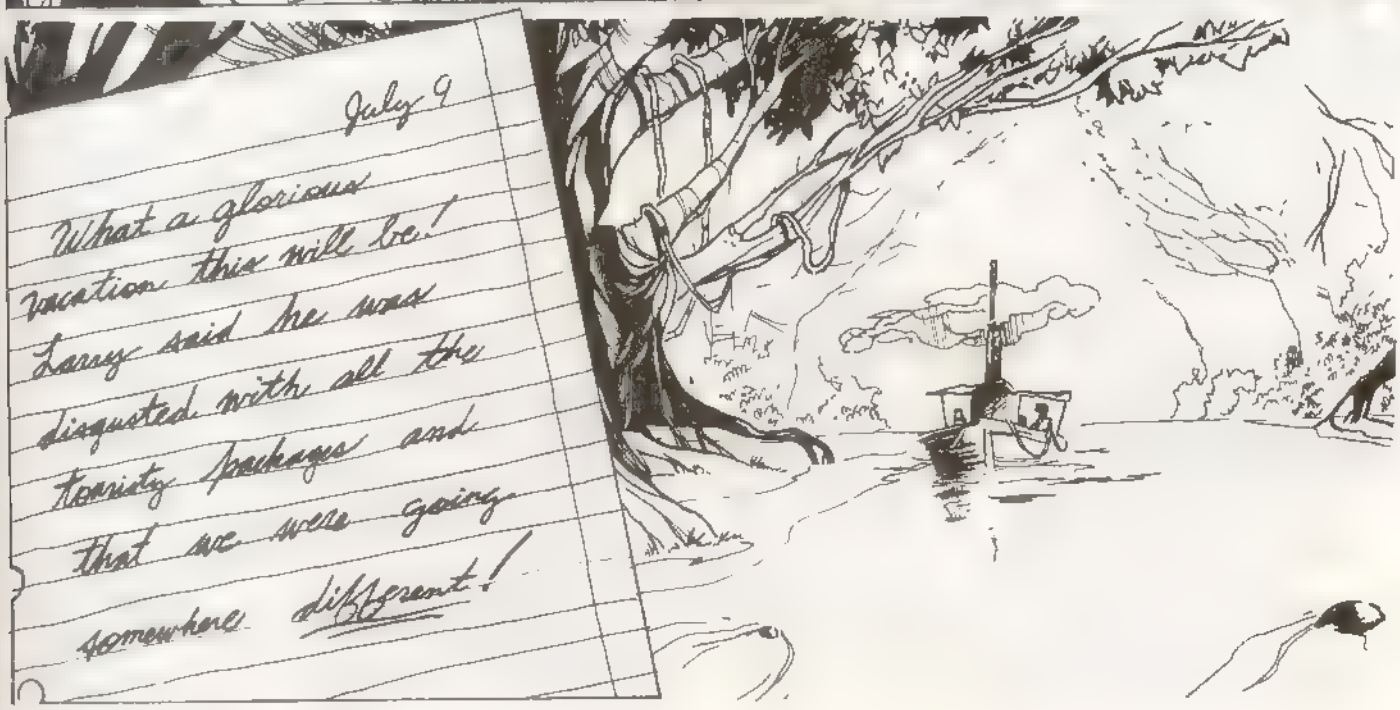






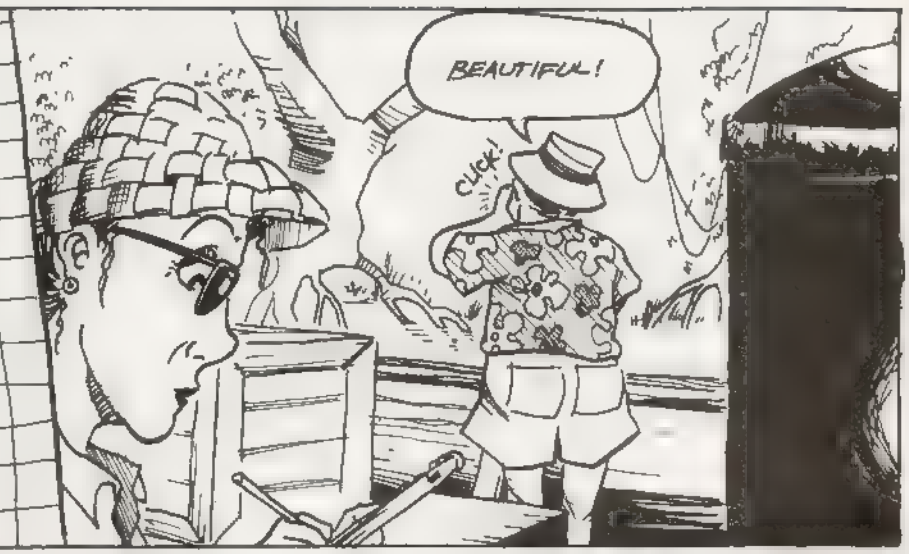
THE BABY GODZILLA STORY

Gulf of Mannar
SRI LANKA
Cayey
Vacation
CHRIS HARMON © 1989


July 9
What a glorious vacation this will be! Larry said he was disgusted with all the touristy packages and that we were going somewhere different!

Larry decided our trip would be to go down the legendary "River of Blood" to find the long lost city of Gnor-Loc, which was rumored to contain the wealth of the Gnor dynasty.

We had trouble getting a boat because of some silly curse.

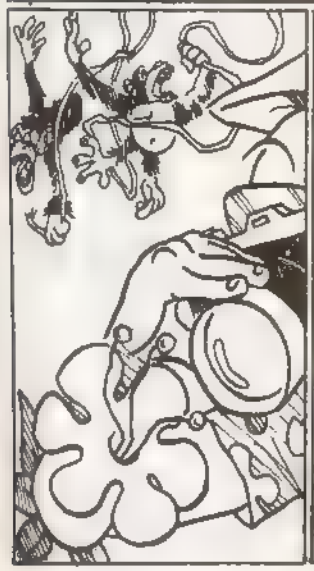


July 12

Larry and I both agreed it was a shame about ~~Capt Mal Mon Mon~~ the Captain, but we wouldn't let it ruin our trip.

Larry said it was even better, really, because now we could take the short cut through the jungle. The Capt wouldn't, because the animals guarded the path to the city.

What charming folklore!



Larry decided the boys would just love the head-carved statue, so we took it along with us. He was also pretty sure that it meant the lost city wouldn't be too far away. What fun!
SWAK
GET THE LEAD OUT, HONEY!
SWAK
SWAK
SWAK
WHUMP!
OOO, HOW, THIS MAY BE SOMETHING!

I'VE GOT TO GET A SHOT OF **THIS!**

CLICK!

ROARR

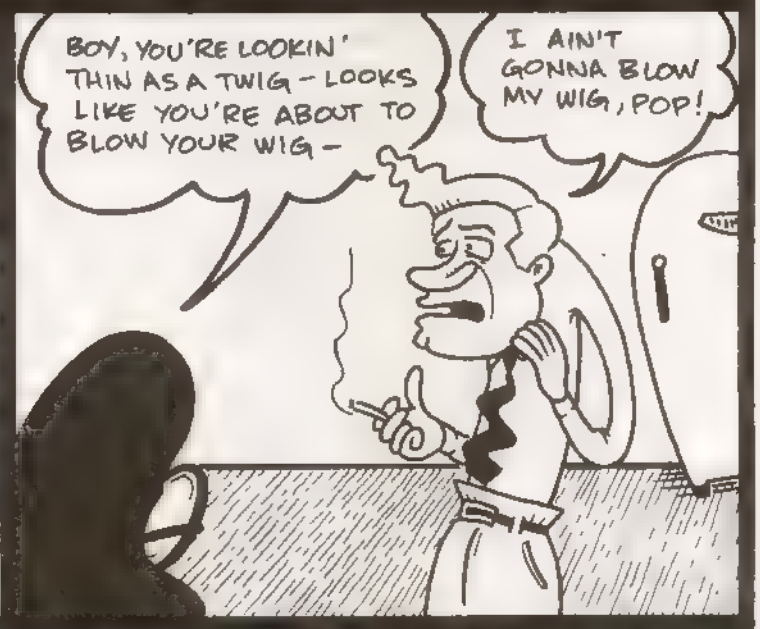
July 30

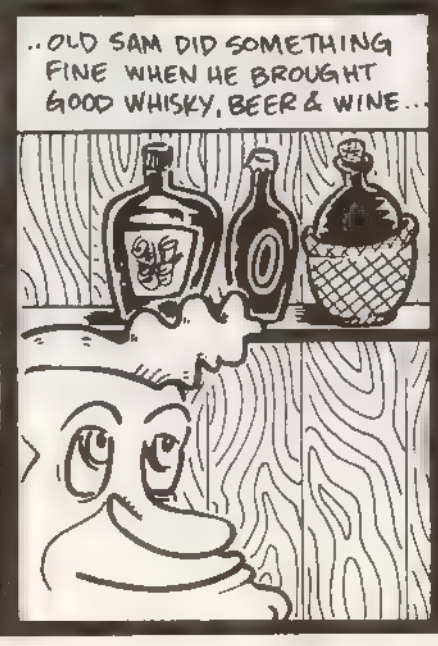
I still haven't figured out whether the curse was real or if that cranky old Gnaw-Lor was just camera-shy.

Anyway, Larry's film survived and the slides are a big hit! Larry would've wanted it that way.

WHAT'S the USE of GETTIN' SOBER?

RECORDED BY LOUIS JORDAN & HIS TYMPANI FIVE 1942





I WENT OUT LAST NIGHT 'BOUT HALF PAST ONE - THOUGHT I'D WHOOP IT UP AND HAVE SOME FUN —
I GOT A HALF A PINT ABOUT HALF PAST TWO - THE WAY I WAS FEELIN' Y'KNOW WHAT I WANTED TO DO!
I GOT ME A PINT, 'BOUT HALF PAST FOUR - FELT SO GOOD I WENT OUT & GOT ME SOME MORE...
I GOT ME A QUART 'BOUT HALF PAST FIVE ... THAT WAS SO NICE I DIDN'T KNOW IF I WAS DEAD OR ALIVE —
SO, WHAT'S THE USE OF GETTIN' SOBER WHEN YOU'RE GONNA GET DRUNK AGAIN?
SMEK
I BEEN THINKIN' BUT I KEEP DRINKIN...
I GUESS I'M 'BOUT TO LOSE MY MIND.....
END

WONDER WART-HOG and the merciless, menacing, MASKED MEANIE!

GASP! IT'S THE MASKED MEANIE!! HOW CAN THIS BE? THE LAST TIME WE MET, I GROUND YOU INTO HAMBURGER!

WELL, I WAS A PRETTY SICK MEANIE FOR A WHILE, BUT I HEALED! SO... EAT BUCK, PIG!

by Gilbert Shelton & Tony Bell

OUR STORY OPENS AS FEARLESS, FIGHTING, FOULMOUTHED WONDER WART-HOG IS CRUISING THE STREETS OF MUTHALODE CITY, LOOKING FOR SOWS...

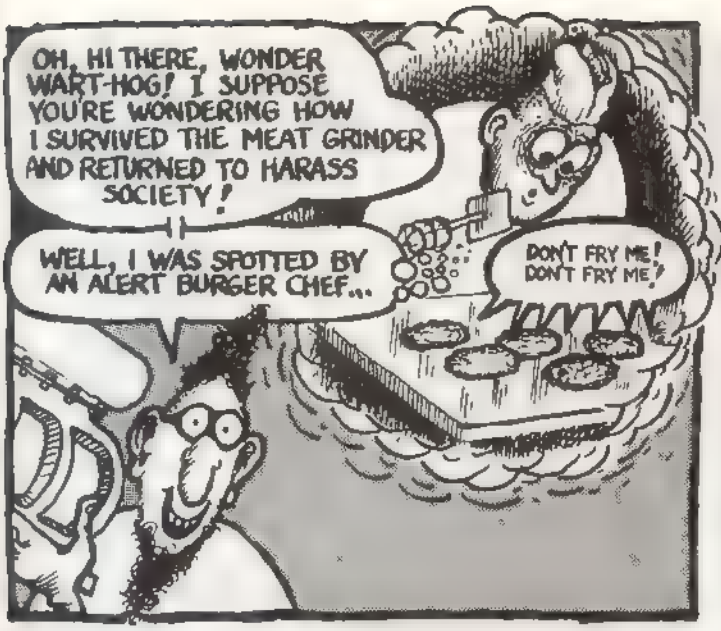
OH, I'M BEHIND THE WHEEL, OF THE HOGMOBILE, IT'S FUN FUN FUN TO DRIVE IT EVERY DAY...

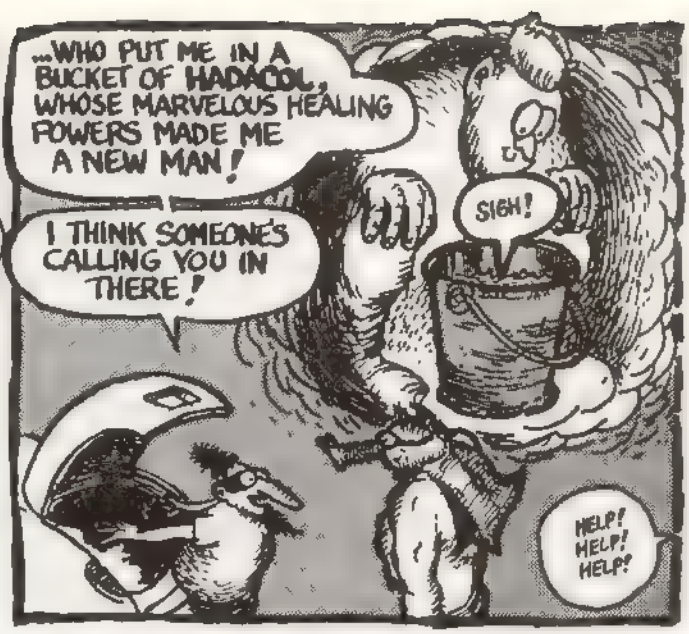
HOLY HAMHOCK! THAT LOOKS LIKE THE MEANIEMOBILE — THE BARRIS-CUSTOMIZED 1949 BUCK OWNED BY MY FORMER (NOW DECEASED) ARCH-ENEMY, THE MASKED MEANIE!

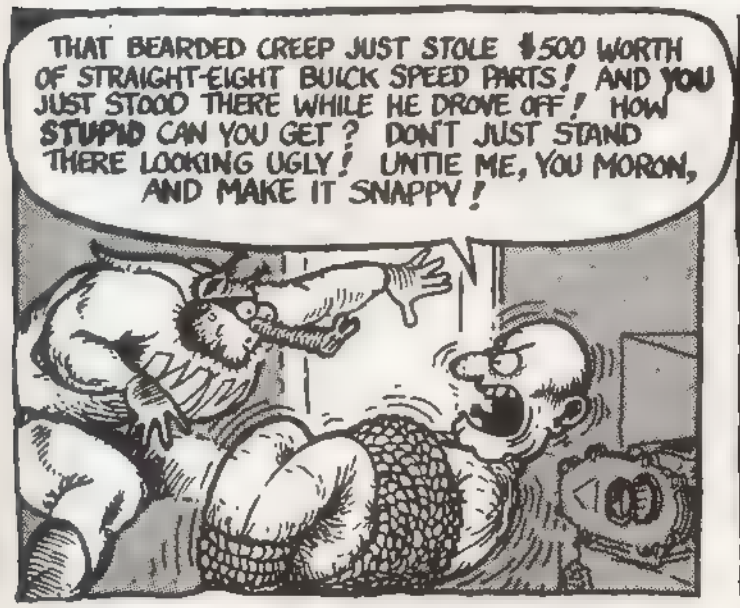
...AND THAT LOOKS LIKE THE MEANIE HIMSELF! BUT THAT CAN'T BE! I PUT HIM THROUGH A MEAT GRINDER, MYSELF!

THALODE SPEED SHOP

HELP!


OH, HI THERE, WONDER WART-HOG! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING HOW I SURVIVED THE MEAT GRINDER AND RETURNED TO HARASS SOCIETY!
WELL, I WAS SPOTTED BY AN ALERT BURGER CHEF...
DON'T FRY ME! DON'T FRY ME!

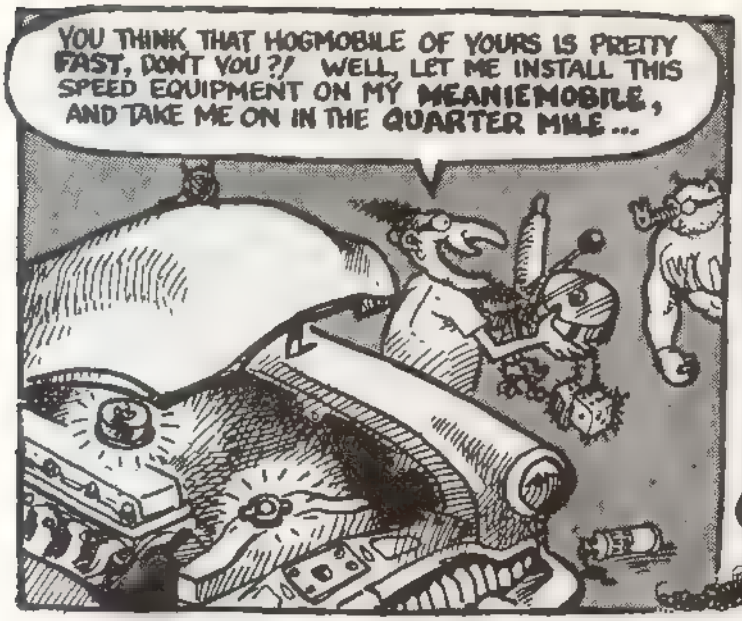

...WHO PUT ME IN A BUCKET OF HADACOL, WHOSE MARVELOUS HEALING POWERS MADE ME A NEW MAN!
I THINK SOMEONE'S CALLING YOU IN THERE!
SIGH!
HELP! HELP! HELP!

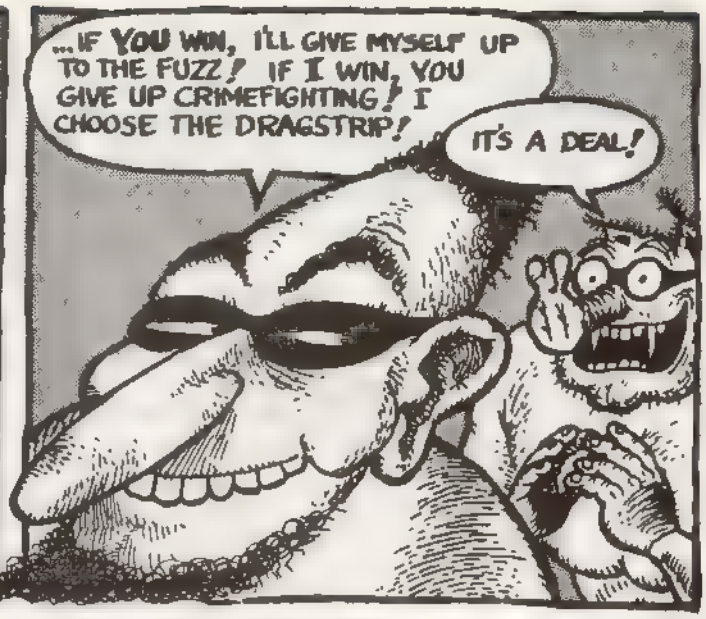

THAT BEARDED CREEP JUST STOLE $500 WORTH OF STRAIGHT-EIGHT BUICK SPEED PARTS! AND YOU JUST STOOD THERE WHILE HE DROVE OFF! HOW STUPID CAN YOU GET? DON'T JUST STAND THERE LOOKING UGLY! UNTIE ME, YOU MORON, AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

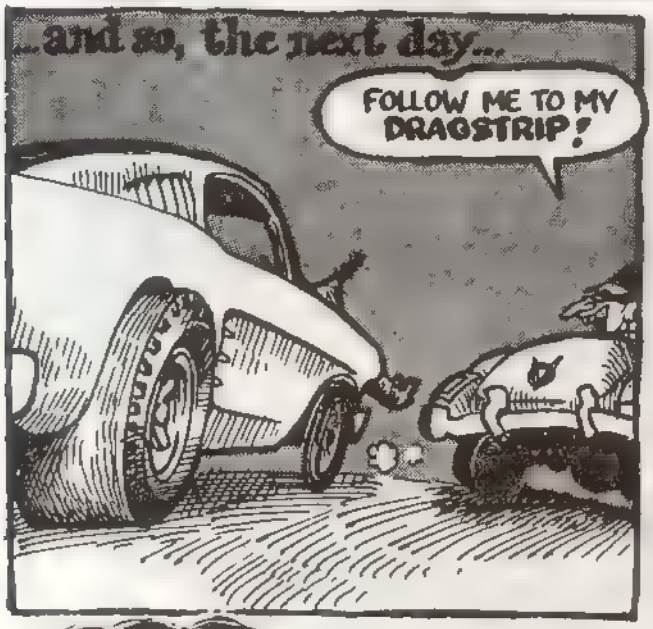
MMPH! MMPH!

IT'S NOT TOO DIFFICULT TO TRACE THE MEANIEMOBILE'S PATH! JUST FOLLOW THE BLUE OIL SMOKE!
TURN ON MY FOGLIGHTS, HERE!

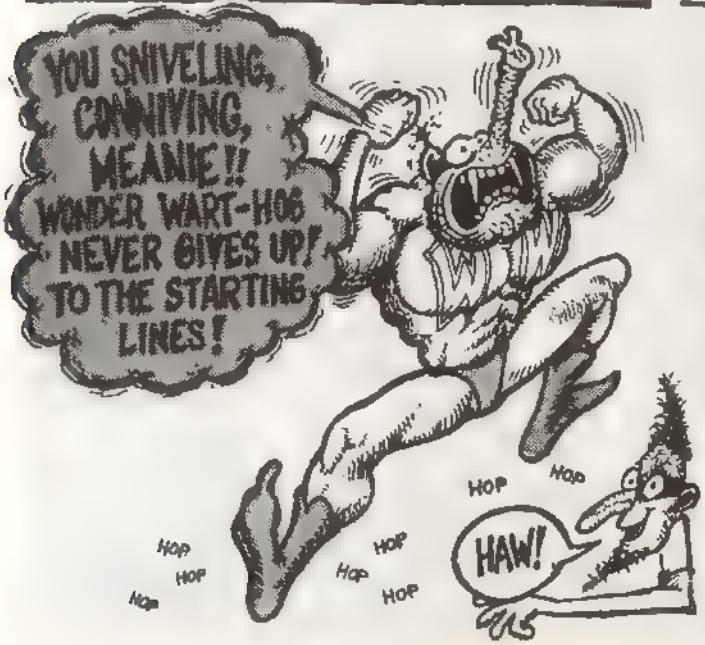
I KNEW YOU'D CATCH ME AT THE FIRST FILLING STATION, HOG! I HAVE A SPORTING PROPOSITION TO MAKE TO YOU!
316 79
DOLLARS CENTS
88 ¾
GALLONS

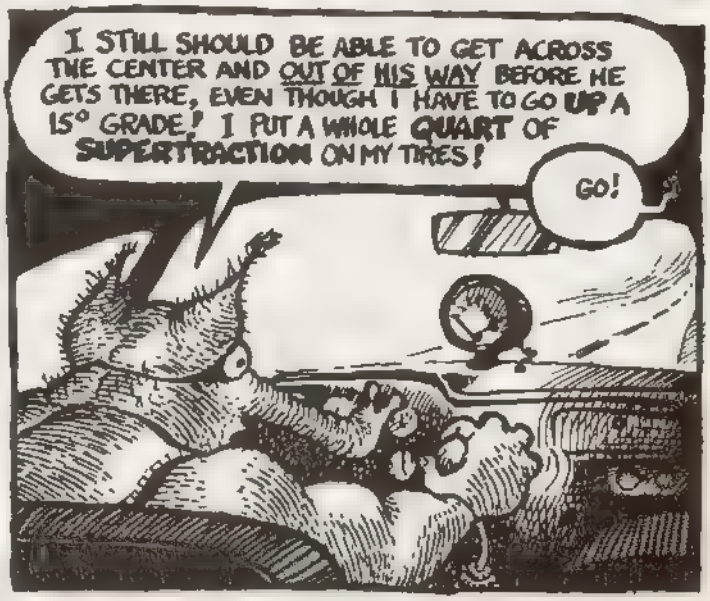

YOU THINK THAT HOGMOBILE OF YOURS IS PRETTY FAST, DON'T YOU?! WELL, LET ME INSTALL THIS SPEED EQUIPMENT ON MY MEANIEMOBILE, AND TAKE ME ON IN THE QUARTER MILE...


...IF YOU WIN, I'LL GIVE MYSELF UP TO THE FUZZ! IF I WIN, YOU GIVE UP CRIMEFIGHTING! I CHOOSE THE DRAGSTRIP!
IT'S A DEAL!


...and so, the next day...
FOLLOW ME TO MY DRAGSTRIP!

BUT... BUT IT'S ONLY ONE LANE WIDE! AND HALF A MILE LONG! AND ON A HILLSIDE???
THAT'S RIGHT! I START AT THAT END, YOU START AT THIS END, AND THE WINNER IS THE FIRST ONE ACROSS THE CENTER!! THAT MAKES A QUARTER MILE!
CARE TO FORFEIT?
START


YOU SNIVELING, CONNIVING, MEANIE!! WONDER WART-HOG NEVER GIVES UP! TO THE STARTING LINES!
HOP
HOP
HOP
HOP
HOP
HOP
HAW!


I STILL SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET ACROSS THE CENTER AND OUT OF HIS WAY BEFORE HE GETS THERE, EVEN THOUGH I HAVE TO GO UP A 15° GRADE! I PUT A WHOLE QUART OF SUPERTRACTION ON MY TIRES!
GO!

MY TIRES! THEY'RE JUST SPINNING! WHAT IS THE MATTER ??!
WHEEEEEEEEEEEL
OH! SOMEBODY PUT GRAPHITE IN MY SUPERTRACTION...
WELL, I FINALLY BURNT THE GRAPHITE OFF MY TIRES, BUT THAT BUICK IS HALFWAY TO THE CENTER BY NOW! IM REALLY GONNA HAVE TO TURN IT ON !!
VVWOOOOOOOOOP
NINE THOU... TEN THOU... ELEVEN THOU... SPEEDSHIFT TO SECOND!
EEEEEEEEEEEEYOWWWWOOO
I'M PICKING UP ON HIM FAST, BUT HE'S ALMOST TO THE LINE! OH, HOLD TOGETHER, HOGMILL!!
The horror of the ensuing crash, the sound of which could be heard all the way to Cleveland, Ohio — the crunch of body steel, the popping of fiberglass, the roar of raining body putty, the rending of metal... is much too much to represent in one little box. We take you, therefore, one minute later, as the rain of rubbish is clearing from the sky...
IT'S A DEAD HEAT! WHAT DO WE DO NOW!?
WELL, I SUPPOSE I COULD GIVE UP CRIME-FIGHTING AND YOU COULD SURRENDER TO THE FUZZ...
ALL RIGHT, "HOG OF STEEL"! I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE MINUTES TO CLEAN UP THAT MESS BEFORE I RUN YOU IN!
NO LITTERING! $500 FINE
THE END

OK! STOP LICKIN' YER ARSES AND ATTEND TO ME! THIS is..
The FIRKIN VERSION ©
Written by TYM MANDEY • Drawn by HUNT EMERSON

Perversions
CATS SEE QUITE A BIT OF WEIRDNESS JUST GOING ABOUT THEIR LAWFUL BUSINESS.... IT'S MOSTLY PRETTY TRAGIC!

LIKE DORA HERE FROM THE OPPOSITE BLOCK—SHE MAKES HER LIVING AS A FREELANCE DOMATRIX

GO ON, YOU CUR! LICK MY FEET!
woof woof
Great Scott!

"GUYS PAY HER TO WALK ABOUT ON THEM, AND BEAT THEM, AND ORDER THEM AROUND..."
SING PRETTY OR YOU'LL CATCH IT!
...yer like a Supa-paagh Troopa-paagh...

"THEY DO ANYTHING SHE ASKS..."
STUFF YOUR £50 – IT'S £100 THIS WEEK OR ELSE!!!

"... WELL-ALMOST ANYTHING..."
GRASPIN' BITCH— WHO D'YOU THINK YOU ARE?

THEY'RE ALL LIKE THAT... THAT'S HER TRAGEDY!
THEN THERE'S BENT BRENDAN IN N° 54 – OH, HE'S NOT HOME! HE'LL BE OUT DRINKING WITH SAILORS AGAIN....

"HE WANTS TO BE LOVED BY A REAL MAN!"
BELIEVE ME, BRENDAN, ONCE YOU'VE HAD A CHINESE GIRL YOU'LL NEVER WANT ANOTHER WOMAN!
Oooh I BELIEVE YOU...

"...BUT HE'S ALWAYS DISAPPOINTED."
OH, BRENDAN— YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL...
Bsigh JUST ANOTHER POOF.
AS BREN SEES IT, ANY CHAP WHO FALLS FOR HIM CAN'T BE A REAL MAN!
THAT'S HIS TRAGEDY...

JAIL BAIT JAKE IN 68 LIKES SIXTH FORM GIRLS IN THEIR UNIFORMS (just like his sister...)

"BUT HE KNOWS HE'S TOO OLD! SO HE PAYS WOMEN TO DRESS UP LIKE THEM..."
SAD EH?

DOLL

THE TRILOGY

BY GUY COLWELL

THEY CREATED HER OUT OF FANTASY, DESIRE AND PLASTIC; BUT WHO DOES SHE BELONG TO, WHO GETS TO KEEP HER?

THE COMPLETE 100 PAGE STORY ABOUT THE ORIGINS OF A SUPER REALISTIC SEX DOLL IN THREE COMIC BOOK ISSUES.

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TEST FACILIT
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NOT
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NO NUKES
Guy Colwell 1987